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SEEKING AFTER GOD.

I said, "I will find God," and forth I went
To seek him in the clearness of the sky,
But over me stood unendurably
Only a pitiless sapphire firmament
Ringing the world-blank splendor; yet intent
Still to find God, "I will go seek," said I,
"His way upon the waters," and drew nigh
An ocean marge-week strewn and foam besprent;
And the waves dashed on idle sand and stone,
And very vacant was the long blue sea,
But in the evening as I sat alone,
My window opening to the vanishing day,
Dear God! I could not choose but kneel and pray,
And it sufficed that I was found of thee.

—Edward Dowden.

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PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

The Pacific has had at different times during the last year mention of "Patience Worth," the mysterious psychic personality. The interest in the phenomena continues and there is not a little discussion of it all the while. We have already stated that we incline to believe that Mrs. Curran, through whom Patience Worth speaks, lays hold in a manner now inexplicable of what is often termed the cosmic mind, and that Patience Worth is not a disincarnate personality.

One who visited Mrs. Curran not long ago in her home in St. Louis states in the New York Post that three words of a continued story were spelled out on the ouija board at that time in an hour and a half, and that "it was all good narrative, picked up with certainty at the point where it had been dropped a week or two before, and continued in a lucid, easy style, full of fine imagery, of wit, and of perception of human values and character."

In the last eighteen months 601,000 words have been transmitted.

Mrs. Curran asserts that the work imposes no strain upon her, because there is no conscious mental effort, and that she is in better health and weighs more than when she started. Certainly she shows few signs of strain during a sitting at the board. Although her face becomes slightly flushed and her voice takes on a somewhat nervous tone, these might easily be attributed to the interest of the experiment. Her manner and consciousness seem perfectly normal. There is no suggestion or affection of daze or "trance." She breaks off from composition to remark upon what the board has spelled out, and to laugh, and chat with the others in the room.

The writer of the article in the New York Evening Post tells of one of his visits:

"Two friends of the Currans had just arrived, and with Mrs. Curran's mother we made up the party for the evening. We sat for a while talking, as Mrs. Curran told a little of the way in which the first communications had gone and of her own consciousness of Patience—such a consciousness, she said, as one would have of the personality of an individual in an adjoining room, with whom one talked frequently and familiarly, but whom one never saw—a peculiarly apt statement of the sense one has in these conversations. Then, without more ado, she brought out the Ouija board from its place behind the piano, and we sat down to it. The pointer started immediately, spelling out this:

"Set ye at the puttin' o' the tale; yea, set thee so that the younged one [the term by which Patience referred to me from then on] shall for to see the weave o' the cloth o' me. Then shall thy handmaid set a fitting song and a word to the heart o' him, and tell much that hath pith and tickle athin it."

"It should be noted that Patience habitually invents terms for the people in the room, exhibiting in this much of the spirit of fun that distinguishes her. For instance, she almost always addresses William Marion Reedy, of the St. Louis Mirror, whose physical weight and breadth are in accord with the intellectual weight and breadth for which his writings in his weekly are familiar, as "the Fat-awide"— a term which he himself has recorded with enjoyment in his own editorials upon Patence Worth."

One evenng war was under discussion in the Curran home. One visitor had remarked that he would not do anything to assist in organized slaughter. Being asked by another whether he would not take part in relief work, he said that he would because he recognized a condition there in which men were suffering, and would feel an impulse to relieve them; that the question whether they would go back later and fight was one of conscience for themselves. At this point Patience Worth interposed:

"List thee, brother, nay hand that hath known the filling from Him, nay heart that hath heard the faint, the died anguished sounds that sipped His lips, and known their singin', but would lend it unto the work o' Him.

"This be nay a twist that he putteth. But look, he who goeth unto war needeth ones for to lend the bread unto him; yea, and lend his full loving and e'en his hand for soothe. Look, this one should lend o' him for the setting thou [evidently this to the doctor] art at, for thou art a mender o' the broken wares o' God."

Lest some of our readers think that there is nothing here in which sane and thoughtful persons should be interested, we quote from an article written in 1909 by the great psychologist—William James:

"The first automatic writing I ever saw was forty years ago. I unhesitatingly thought of it as deceit, although it contained vague elements of supernatural knowledge. Since then I have come to see in automatic writing one example of a department of human activity as vast as it is enigmatic. Every sort of person is liable to it, or to something equivalent to it; and whoever encourages it in himself finds himself personating some one else, either signing what he writes by fictitious names or spelling out by ouija boards or table-tips, messages from the departed."

Professor James at that time put himself on record for "the presence in the midst of all the humbug of really supernormal knowledge." By this, he said that he meant "Knowledge that cannot be traced to the ordinary sources of information—the senses of the automaist.

'My own dramatic sense tends instinctively, to picture the situation as an interaction between slumbering faculties in the automatist's mind and a cosmic environment of other consciousness of some sort which is able to work upon them.

"If there were in the universe a lot of diffuse soul-stuff, unable to get itself into consistent personal form, or to take permanent possession of an organism, yet always craving to do so, it might get its head into the air, parasitically, so to speak, by profiting by weak spots in the

armor of human minds, and slipping in and stirring up there the sleeping tendency to personate.

"The maple and the pine may whisper to each other with their leaves and Conanicut and Newport hear each other's fog-horns, but the trees also commingle their roots in the darkness underground, and the islands also hang together through the ocean's bottom. Just so there is a continuum of cosmic consciousness, against which our individuality builds but accidental fences, and into which our several minds plunge as into a mother-sea or reservoir

'Our normal consciousness is circumscribed for adaptation to our external earthly environment, but the fence is weak in spots,, and fitful influences from beyond leak in, Not only psychic research, but metaphysical philosophy and speculative biology are led in their own ways to look with favor on some such panpsychic view of the universe as this:

"Hardly' as yet," said Professor James in conclusion has the surface of the facts called psychic begun to be scratched for scientific purposes. It is through following these facts, I am persuaded, that the greatest scientific conquests of the coming generation will be achieved."

Richard Jeffries tells us in "The Story of My Heart"; "I was not more than eighteen when an inner and esoteric meaning began to come to me from the visible universe."

"I now became lost and absorbed into the being or existence of the universe, and losing thus my separateness of being came to seem like a part of the whole." And again: 'I feel on the margin of a life unknown, very near, almost touching it—on the verge of powers which if I could grasp would give me an immense breadth of existence."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The semi-annual report of the board of charities issued at Spokane, Washington, a few weeks ago, states that the closing of the saloons has resulted in decreasing poverty and crime in that city from one half to two-thirds.

All Europe is an immense graveyard today! That is what we hear. But read Dr. Jowetts' sermon, "The Song in the Graveyard." A graveyard is not an end. The sermon will be found in The Pacific this week. It was a timely one for London in July.

This year annual camp meeting of the Nez Perce Indians at Lapwai, Idaho, was in many respects the most successful ever held. Miss Kate McBeth who passed into the other life a few months ago, and who had given herself so devotedly to the Indian mission work for so many years, was missed greatly by the Indians. The Rev. George H. Lee who has had charge of the camp meeting for several years was there as usual and directed a musical service in which manw of the Indians participated.

A recent memorial to the British Government signed by a large number of representative men and women expresses the conviction that a full step toward the prohibition of the liquor traffic must be taken before the strength of Britain can be thrown effectively into the arena on which their liberties depend. As to the loss of time in the shops on the Clyde it is stated that after all that has been done this loss has been reduced from twenty percent to only nineteen and one half. In showing what a waste the liquor traffic is in general of the financial strength it is stated that the first twenty months of the war the people spent for alcohol at least one and a half billion dollars.

One year ago there were 28 saloons in Walla Walla, Washington. Today all of the buildings except four thus used are rented for other purposes. Although the four are undesirerably located, it is thought that they will be rented soon. Recently the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, the leading daily paper in that city, stated: "Readjustment of Seattle business, following the widespread changes imposed by the new anti-saloon law, is practically completed, according to the statements of realty dealers and rental agencies. This means that more than 300 storerooms, vacated by saloons on or just prior to January 1, have been utilized by other lines of trade, and that the general level of rentals is now practically unaffected by the retirement from business of the saloons."

Four American Board missionaries left Constantinople July 20 to return to Marsovan, from which all Americans were recently evicted. At Marsovan, the American board has school and college buildings, a fine new hospital, library and museum, occupying together 37 acres of land and valued at $250,000. At the time of the eviction on May 26 of 14 Americans representing the entire staff at that station, all this property was seized by the Turkish authorities. Upon the arrival of the evicted missionaries in Constantinople efforts were begun to obtain permission for the return of some of them to Marsovan to recover control of the property if possible, and it now appears that the desired permission has been given. According to advices received by the American Board, missionary houses at Marsovan have been occupied by the military, notwithstanding the issuance of orders that these houses should be sealed in anticipation of the early return of occupants, and it is regarded as still uncertain whether the missionaries will be able to recover possession of the property.

The most recent news from London is to the effect that Dr. Joseph F. Newton, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., has been asked to accept the ministry of the City Temple, after filling the pulpit of the famous church in a manner highly gratifying to his congregations during the first two Sundays of July. A correspondent writes: "Although he is sailing presently for New York, it is almost certain that he will accept. It is predicted that the City Temple's days of spiritual awakening and enlightenment that marked the period when Rev. R. J. Campbell was enjoying the hight of success as minister will be revived under the American's leadership. Men and women from all parts of London, of all classes, and of all creeds and of no creed, have been flocking to hear Dr. Newton. Tall and dark, with finely-chiseled features and a pallid face, he speaks rather slowly, but in tones that can express a hundred different emotions. His congregations are unusually responsive. Though laying stress on the number of ties to be broken before an acceptance of the call extended to him here, Dr. Newton spoke of the City Temple's congregation as the most wonderful in the world."

One of the London religious journals says concerning the war chaplains and their experiences at the front: "A profoundly interesting and independent story of the work of the chaplains at the front has just been issued by the Times, as part of the History of the War. We have had many separate and sectional accounts of this work, and it is well to have a story as complete as possible, viewed

from a broad standpoint. Apart from the numerous incidents which make up the bulk of the narrative, a vivid general idea of a chaplain's daily work will be gained. But the most important thing of all is the impression gained of a new sense of unity among the chaplains, a sense which has been created as the results of new conditions. Men have discovered in actual life how much in common they have with each other, and how necessary it is, in the presence of a common danger and a common need, to co-ordinate their forces. The question is, whether all this is to be lost when the war is over. What is good for the stress and strain of the battlefield, cannot be ill for the work at home, where the stress and strain are just as real, although of another kind. We are not forgetting that there is another side to the story. We learn from several sources that bigotry has been displayed even on the battlefield, and that fellowship has been refused on the part of some of the chaplains. But we must always reckon on a percentage of men who will not learn wisdom. The majority of the chaplains will return, it is to be hoped, with a new vision of Christian fellowship, and a determination to seek practical unity at home."

Under the caption of "The Great Struggle" one of the London religious journals remarked on the 27th of July: "It is now nearly a month since the great offensive on the western front commenced. The first brilliant dash has been succeeded by heavier and much slower work, The Germans are fighting with the utmost desperation, and their counter-attacks are vehemently rendered. It is a story of ground lost and won, taken and retaken, but the balance is distinctly on the side of the British and the French. Unless something miraculous occurs, the struggle promises to be a protracted one. We are not allowed to know all that is going on, but we know already that the cost of men of the Allies is very heavy. To the enemy it is much heavier. The Nation is taking its work of sacrifice in a noble spirit. The wounded who return to England are invariably cheerful and optimistic. From the East the news is uninterruptedly good; Russia is accomplishing what could never have been predicted a year ago. Taking a broad view of the situation, we may confidently say that all goes well. Yet there can be no slackening of effort. The grim determination of Germany and her unchastened pride are as strong as ever. Her leaders still boast of their unique superiority, and proclaim as loudly as ever the doctrine that 'Might is Right.' Such a spirit must be humiliated. Were it to triumph, and become dominant in Europe, life would become unbearable. The greater the attempt made to enforce it, the greater must be the opposition to it." About the time the foregoing was published in London the German Foreign Office at Berlin stated in a review of the war: "England wants a war of destruction, a war to the knife, which, according to the plans of our enemies, shall continue even after the cannon is silenced; for their former talk about the permanent peace that they wished to establish has been drowned under the shout that Germany's enemies are raising over the Paris Economic Conference. It is not enough that the world must be shaken by a protracted, bloody war. The world must not even thereafter enjoy a settled peace, if the will of the Entente Powers prevails, for the decisions of the Economic Conference do not signify an economic peace, but a permanent economic warfare, which never will permit the world to come to rest upon the basis of peaceful competition."

"CHINA."

"An Interpretation."

Bishop Bashford of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who has spent twelve years in China, is the author of a valuable new book on China—with a title as indicated in the caption of this article. It is a volume of more than 600 pages and is comprehensive in the information that is afforded. The following from the table of contents will show its scope:

"China and the World, Industrial Life in China, Commercial Life in China, Educational Life in China, Woman's Life in China, Life Reflected in Literature, Life Reflected in Philosophy, Confucuis and the Confucian School, Religious Life and Struggles, Chinese Law, Political Life in China, The Downfall of the Manchus, The Transition—Prince Chunn's Regency, The Chinese Republic, China and Japan, China and the United States, China and the World."

If anyone in forecasting the world's future, let him make a note of some of the declarations and conclusions of Bishop Bashford:

"The Chinese have physical vitality sufficient to make them the competitors, and in most cases the industrial supplanters, of all with whom they come in contact."

After recounting some of their economies and self-denial Bishop Bashford remarks: "Surely a people capable of such self-denial, a people who are not afraid of being at the bottom of any business, who often work their way to the top, a people whose traders frequently manufacture their goods in the intervals of barter, will drive even the Jew out of business in any land on earth!

In a consideration of the relations of China and Japan, Bishop Bashford writes: "Before Japan attempts such serious interference in China as was proposed in 1915, she ought to decide upon her permanent policy towards the Chinese people. Even if Japan limits herself to a humble program of conquest and resolves to take only Manchuria and to let China develop her own resources without interference, provided China leaves Japan in peoceful possession of her capture, then Japan will find a nation of over three hundred million of people rapidly emerging into a stage of modern civilization. She will find also that the military stage is the earliest and the easiest form of civilization for a nation to assume. The art of war is speedily and easily learned, so far as the masses are concerned. General Gordon's estimate of the Chinese soldiers was that if well armed, well drilled, well fed, clothed and paid, and well led, they are equal to British Soldiers."

Bshop Bashford's judgment is that Japan has reached the parting of the ways. "Already she has advanced half way up the road to Calvary; she has sacrificed her individualism for the sake of the family; she has sacrificed her family life for the sake of the nation; and thus she has made Japan great in the eyes of all the world. Can she now climb the farther steep ascent to Calvary? Can she put the Cross above the flag, the interests of humanity above the interests of the Japanese? Upon her answer to this question depends not only the peace of the world, but Japan's ultimate survival as a nation."

Dr. Bashford's hope is that Japan will answer this quesiton "with that same wisdom and prophetic foresight which has led her to her present glorious heights."

The call to Japan is that she become "not simply the leader in the industries and commerce of the East in the twentieth century, not simply the leader in the intellec-

tual life and art of the Far East for centuries to come, but the leader of the Far East, and in some measure of the human race in applied Christianity."

At this turning point in her career Dr. Bashford puts up to Japan: "In a contest of physical force and courage, fifty million Japanese cannot keep under control thirty million hostile subjects as Japan would be obliged to do after the conquest of Manchuria, and then conquer and placate over three hundred million additional people, each of whom, man for man, is stronger than his opponent. However long or short the contest might be * * * the final termination of the struggle would end in the destruction of Japan."

In considering the great world question, Dr. Bashford writes: "The question which confronts the people of Europe, the United States, China, Japan, and India, is not the question as to how much we can get, but how much we can give. It is not the question as to how far one nation or race can dominate the Pacific, but how for each can stand for absolute justice as between nations and races. Giving the yellow races a fair chance in the world indeed seems to restrict the privilege of the white races, but in reality the very existence of the white races, and especially their continued moral and political influence upon our globe, depend upon the justice which as nations and the service which as Christians they can render the yellow races * * * Only as we forego all personal and temporal aims do we rise into the region of the universal and the eternal."

We trust that this book will have wide reading.

HOW PROESSOR BUCKHAM LOOKS AT SOME LOS ANGELES INSTITUTIONS.

The following is a summary of an article written by Professor Buckham of Pacific Seminary for the Boston Transcript:

Professor John Wright Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary, Berkeley, Cal., who has recently delivered a series of addresses at a summer school of religion in Los Angeles, finds that this California city affords an interesting instance of an endeavor to adapt the Church to present-day conditions. It notably is a church-going city, he writes, but the pressure of secular interests and especially of amusements (it is one of the greatest centres of the moving-picture industry in the world) is prompting the churches to put forth a strong effort to hold the popular mind. The most marked evidence of this is the use of the theatre as a place of worship. The leader of this movement is Rev. James Whitcomb Brougher, whose great congregation assembles in a theatre seating upwards of three thousand. On a recent Suday evening hundreds were turned away from the service. Added to the attraction of the theme of the sermon, "Cafeteria Religion," was the assistance of a well-known tenor opera singer. Dr. Brougher is a natural sensationalist, but it is the general judgment that he succeeds in driving home a good measure of genuine religious and ethical truth.

Another conspicuous instance of this method of reaching the people in Los Angeles is the far-famed Trinity Auditorium (M. E. Church, South) of which Rev. C. C. Selecman is pastor. In this case the church not only operates a sumptuous theatre auditorium of its own, but a large and well-equipped hotel in the same imposing building. There is no suggestion of a church about the auditorium, with its boxes and balconies and gilding, except the superb organ in the rear of the stage. But there is no doubt that this kind of atmosphere appeals to the people. Professor Buckham attended a Sunday evening concert in the auditorium recently, in which the first number was "Sweet and Low," and another was a familiar selection from "Il Trovatore." There was also a recitation of "Danny Deever" (by courtesy of the Universal Film Co.) which was warmly applauded and was followed by two sentimental encores. The second part of the programme was Joseph Barnby's cantata "Rebekah." The great chorus and the well-trained soloists sang admirably; but it could not be said that much of Sunday sacredness invested the place or the performance. However, it was vastly more uplifting than the average theatre. And it is to be remembered that the usual service includes a sermon. Dr. R. A. Torrey's great Bible Institute plant also has the hotel feature, as well as reading-room and other accompaniments and an immense auditorium which, though it is not a theatre, is hardly ecclesiastical in character.

Professor Buckham thinks it an open question whether this attempt to meet the masses on their own level and give them religion in the manner they like is justified. He sees no evidence that it has yet embarrassed those churches in Los Angeles which work in the established ways, many of which have large and earnest congregations. He writes: "Probably it is the only way by which great numbers of people can be brought within the reach of the Gospel at all, and thousands undoubtedly get good from it. On the other hand, it is a concession to the love of entertainment and a confession of the failure of simple worship and pure preaching to win their way unaided. The minister of one of the smaller churches of Los Angeles, of the order that hails from Plymouth and Salem, has announced that he will substitute a play for a sermon in certain of his services. It is significant that just outside the area of these theatre-churches and the large old-line churches, one may pass the signs of innumerable gathering places of little cults of healing and mystical religion. This indication of dissatisfaction not only with conventional orthodoxy, but with the mass-reaching, popular-entertainment sort of religion, is not to be overlooked. All of these signs of present religious conditions are of course present in all of our large cities. Los Angeles is only an exaggerated case. They demand careful study and wise treatment."

DR. AKED TELLS OF THE FORD PEACE EXPEDITION AND THE NEUTRAL CONFERENCE.

The Rev. Dr. Aked recounted in the last number of The Congregationalist some of his experiences as a member of the Ford Peace Expedition, and lessons learned thereon. He says in part:

"I have learned that there is no short cut to the Millennium.

"I have learned that the Peacemaker must be a peaceable person, * * *

"I have learned that a good 'movement' must be steeped in prayer and saturated with devotion; that the peace propaganda must be baptized into Christ; that the way which is not Christ's way is not likely to lead to the consummation of Christ's purpose on the earth; that peace begins at the cross, and that the tree whose very leaves

are for the healing of the nations grows from the seed which fell in an empty tomb."

After telling what he at first supposed the expedition was to be, Dr. Aked continues:

"I was quickly disillusioned. We went to end the war in Europe. We started more than one war of our own. We breathed an atmosphere of suspicion, of intrigue, of hostility. Jealousy was our meat and drink. Mr. Ford left us a few days after landing, left us without a word of explanation or farewell, left us secretly, in the small hours of the morning, after telling us at night that he would certainly continue the journey with us the next day. Mr. Ford's business representative, who remained, represented to me that it was Mr. Ford's wish that Judge Lindsey an myself should 'see this thing through.' I felt that there was an element of cowardice in running away. I remained.

"Later, when it came to electing five persons to represent the Ford Expedition in the international conference referred to in Mr. Ford's telegram, his man of business asked me to be one of the five. He told me that Mr. Ford would pay me whatever sum I chose to ask. I named an amount sufficient to compensate me for my loss of salary, etc. I signed a six months' contract. It seemed to me that when once the Ford Expedition had disbanded and its members gone back home, the conference, consisting of five persons from each of six neutral nations, might achieve great things for the world. The names of the other four members of the American delegation appeared to guarantee dignified and honorable service—Henry Ford, W. J. Bryan, Jane Addams and Mrs. Joseph Fels. The fact is, of course, that Mrs. Fels did not wait for the opening of the conference. Mr. Ford, Mr. Bryan and Miss Addams never came!

"We went to Stockholm to establish the Neutral Conference. The evil influence which had been at work in the Ford Expedition dominated the conference. The past was still with us—a terrible present. The strife in the trenches cannot be more bitter nor its hatreds more deadly than the strife and hatred of our conference. At first I was held by my refusal to be a 'quitter.' I hoped against hope, against reason, against facts, against the deliverances of my own common sense. Later, I was held by my contract. Several times I wrote asking for permission to cancel it. I received no reply to my request. I stayed on.

"When Mr. Ford's manager, who had, of course, returned to America with the Expedition, came to us in Stockholm in June I laid the facts before him and tendered my resignation. He asked me to journey to Detroit and put the entire case in Mr. Ford's hands. It was understood that unless Mr. Ford took my view of the situation, made sweeping, radical changes in the composition of the conference(in its policy and in the administration of its affairs, I should not re-join it. I believed that if these changes were made results could be gained which, in the language of a Detroit newspaper, would give Mr. Ford 'the desrie of his heart and a lasting place in the history of mankind.

"Mr. Ford did not take my view. The conference goes on. But I am free.

"And so I come back to the things which I have learned. And this must be added:

"I have learned that there may be a guilt in extravagant generosity not less culpable than in extravagant self-indulgence. There was too much money in the Ford Expedition. There was too much money in the Neutral Conference. It was handled recklessly. It was thrown about with both hands. Mr. Ford is making too much money and making it too rapidly. As long as our social system allows a man to own the coat on his back it must allow him to give his money away as he chooses. But our social sytem is one thing and Christ's gospel of stewardship another! Mr. Ford's money was flung about, never for his own aggrandizement, never by him personally with an unworthy purpose. It was flung about unselfishly, with prodigal extravagance, yes, with wicked extravagance. It thrust a colossal temptation before the eyes of men and women only too ready to be tempted. It corrupted. It debauched.

"You cannot buy Peace. A multi-millionaire cannot buy peace. With gold he cannot buy the Kingdom of Heaven. He cannot with all his wealth buy the "fruits of the Spirit.'

"And I repeat that I have learned what I knew before, only I have learned it better, that the business of a preacher of the gospel is—to preach the gospel.

MISS BALCH OF WELLESLEY COLLEGE TELLS OF THE WORK OF THE NEUTRAL CONFERENCE.

Miss Emily Balch, professor of economics at Wellesley College and the only remaining regular American delegate to the neutral conference at Stockholm which grew out of the Ford peace expedition last November, is now in the United States for conferences with President Wilson and Henry Ford and will return to her work in Stockholm on August 26.

To a reporter for The Christian Science Monitor Miss Balch gave an outline of the work of the conference and expressed the opinion that it is accomplishing much practical good in its efforts to bring the warring powers of Europe to an understanding.

Since Dr. Aked's resignation Miss Balch has been the sole regular American member, though John D. Barry, a San Francisco journalist, has been an alternate. Likewise, she is the only woman member of the conference.

Miss Balch arrived in the United States on July 18, the journey from Stockholm having been made for the purpose of reporting to Mr. Ford, who is financing the conference. She went immediately to Detroit, where she had two conferences with the manufacturer and then departed for Bar Harbor, Me., where she took up the work of the Women's International Committee for Permanent Peace at The Hague with Miss Jane Addams.

The remainder of her program includes a visit to the White House for the purpose of seeing the President and another trip to Detroit.

"Mr. Ford is still very deeply interested in the conference," said Miss Balch this morning, "and believes, with the members, that it is accomplishing real good.

"As you are aware, the neutral conference at Stockholm was an outgrowth of the 'Ford peace expedition,' and is made up of 12 persons, two delegates from Holland, two from Switzerland, two from Denmark, two from Norway, two from Sweden and two from the United States.

"At the present time the conference has two representatives working in England. These are both Europan officials whom I cannot name. Two more are going to Germany to work in the near future. Our purpose is to find

the line of least resistance and ascertain what each nation wants in the way of peace terms.

"It seems clear that Germany is ready to restore France and Belgium. But Germany continues to talk about having guarantees that the country will not suffer at the hands of some other power. When they talk about guarantees, we ask to know what they want. We wonder if England would consider it a guarantee if the League to Enforce Peace were organized and Germany became a member.

"There is a feeling in many parts of Europe that the neutral conference is doing a valuable work. Just before my departure I had a conference with the Spanish minister to Sweden and he remarked that the whole neutral world ought to recognize the debt it owes to the conference.

"I believe that the demands of the two sides are not too far apart, and I believe it is possible to find terms which will give substantially what each side desires. I am very confident that Germany is ready to give reasonable terms.

"The members of the neutral conference," said Miss Balch, "are a fine and able set of people. It is entirely an harmonious body and there is not a person there but who is proud and pleased to work with the others. The value of the conference lies in the fact that it acts as a center of co-operation in peace movements. It is the plan to continually put out 'feelers' as to what it considers would be agreeable peace terms and then have these discussed in the belligerent countries. This has met with much success, and even France has taken up discussions of our proposals.

"In Germany we are looked upon as a pro-Ally organization and in England we are held to be pro-German. This shows that we are actually near the center. In reality we are about as neutral an organization as it would be possible to form."

Asked if the neutral conference would break up with the coming of peace, Miss Balch said:

"Mr. Ford tells us to go on, for 10 years, if necesary, working for disarmament. When peace has been declared, the conference will continue to sit and work for disarmament."

Miss Balch said that among the peace conditions proposed by the conference are the restoration of Belgium and that part of France occupied by German troops; the recondsideration of the Alsaac-Lorraine question; the internationalizing of the Dardanelles; the acceptance of the policy of the open door as a fundamental of colonial policy. It is proposed, finally, that all countries join some such thing as is proposed by the League to Enforce Peace, using all that had already been done at The Hague but carrying the organization further.

A good fight is never for its day alone. It is for many days. And it is not alone for him who bears its utmost stress. No man can live his own life bravely and not be an energy of social good. virtue proceeding forth from him to heal some brother's wounded heart. There is a riddle here for us to guess.—John White Chadwick.

It is when we feel all broken up and wasted, and that we can only bring the bits to God, that he says, "Come," and he will take us and mend us and make us whole again,—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Action is the word of God; thought alone is but his shadow. They who disjoin thought and action seek to divide duty, and deny the eternal unity.—Mazzini.

THE SONG IN THE GRAVEYARD.

A Sermon by Dr. J. H. Jowett of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, Given in London in July.

"All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever" (Isa. 40:6, 8).

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth. All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." To read through that passage is like walking through a graveyard, on sume dull, wet autumnal day, when the leaves of the miserable trees are falling thickly upon the sodden ground; the chilly atmosphere encircles the very marrow of your bones; every wild flower, the pride of the meadow, is fading; and all the goodly flesh is sinking into its dank and fearful grave. It is the world of the pessimist.

In those days there was abundant evidence to justify the view of the pessimist. It certainly seemed if glory had been taken out of the world. Raw, crude, brutal power was marching across the earth, picking up little peoples as you might gather eggs from a nest. Small nations were being cropped like grass. Their noblest sons were being mown down as the pride of the meadow falls before the ploughshare. All flesh was being counted as dust. Israel herself was in the oppressive humiliation of exile; her glory had gone out like a candle in the night; she was away now in the far country; she had hung her harps on the willows, for how, as she says, can she "sing the Lord's song in a strange land"?

There was no hope of a morning, no hope of a better day; and the pessimists reigned in the land. But here and there came a solitary prophet who began to sing, to declare his testimony of an Unseen Presence upon the stricken field. He declared that the withering grass and the fading flowers did not exhaust the content of the world, but that there was another factor, even the Almighty God. Then prophets came like strong heralds, bringing good news from over the mountains; and they declared the reality of the neglected and forgotten God, His unbroken purposes, His absolutely invincible government, His loving-kindness, His tender mercy, and the manifold and active ministry of His grace.

The exiles listened, "like men that dreamed," who regarded the message as too good to be true. The people listened with incredulity. But what true prophet is silenced simply because people become incredulous? They sang on through the night, of what the world would be when the storm had passed away. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever." "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." That is the vision of the optimist.

Now bring your thoughts away back from the ancient world to our own day. What a field there is for the modern pessimist, and what a gathering ground over which he can roam and collect his gloomy facts to justify his gloomy creed. The grass withereth; yes, indeed. The flower fadeth; yes, indeed. Precious things which we have been cultivating for generataions have been smitten as by a withering blast. Turn whichever way we please, the pessimist will tell you, there is every token and symbol of the graveyard. Everything is withering; every blade of grass is

touched with blood; every flower is smitten with the germ of decay. What is the use of wearing and exhausting and unproductive enterprise? What is the use of travail which culminates only in death? "All flesh is grass and all the goodliness as the flower of the field." It is the wail of the pessimist; but blessed be God, even in times like ours we are not without a saving optimism.

What is an optimist? Unfortunately, in our day an optimist has come to be regarded ironically as a man who deliberately closes his eyes on unpleasant realities, and then engages his mind in rainbow-colored dreams. An optimist is supposed to be a man who has inured himself in lotus-land, shutting out all doleful sounds, never hearing "the still sad music of humanity," and there in that allurement singing in joyful strain. But that is by no means the Divinely-inspired optimism of the Word of God. A Divinely-inspired optimism looks at all the facts with open eyes, will not turn away from any fact, however repellent, but will also look at facts when they are atractive, glorious, and sublime.

An optimism is vain when it refuses to look at the sewer, but it is equally vain when it refuses to look at the heights. Reasonable optimism will look at all the facts of the entire circuit, and will not overlook the facts which dwell in the hearts of men and women who even now have tremendous dealings with God. I am not going to be imprisoned in a tiny circle, and allow myself to be pressed down and concentrated upon the doings of pollution, and not lift my eyes and contemplate the outworks and ministries of Redeeming Grace. I shall turn my eyes upon the facts of the Spirit, upon the things which are happening, viewed by men and women who have faith in God, and are living even now, in faith and communion with God.

I find these men and women are not afraid to go into the sewer, just because they are children of the heights. These men read all the facts of our day with the supreme fact and factor, the Almighty God our Maker; and they proceed from that supreme fact to the facts whicvh lie about us with such startling and bewildering confusion.

"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth." All flesh is decaying. Yes, they say. And then they lift their spirits and sing: "but the word of our God shall be established for ever." That is the note of the godly optimist. Amid all that is crumbling, amid all our confusions, amid all the distressing forms of change and startling modes of decay, the word of our God shall stand for ever. What word? That amid all the folly and insanity of the race, the throne of the Universe shall never be abdicated; that word shall stand for ever. And in the sovereign order of things moral values shall never be confused. White shall never be counted black, black shall never be counted white; truth shall never be counted hypocrisy, hypocrisy shall never be taken for truth. In the bloody welter of the present, truth and righteousness shall never be destroyed. We may throw dirt upon them, we may suppress them, but truth crushed to earth shall rise again. That word of the Lord shall stand for ever.

Godly optimism hears the voice singing right across the stricken field. God is the God revealed to us in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. His throne is never empty. Moral distinctions are never lost. There is always a noble remnant of faithful people who can carry the world forward into the light of a brighter day. That is the prophetic note, and that must be the note of the Church. We are to sing amid all the distressing facts of our times; and we are to proclaim the living God to our day as the prophet proclaimed Him to his, in order that we, too, may keep alive in our time the nerve of faith and of godly communion, and so bring to the stricken hearts of the people a sustaining courage and an immortal hope.

This is not the first time that the world has been overrun with devilry and abominations. Travel back through the centuries. There have been other generations when conditions have been like graveyards, the grass withering, the flower fading, and all lovely things apparently falling into the gloomy mould. But always in these seasons there have been souls who have got a vision of God, who have held and proclaimed a mighty faith in God; and because of their own energising faith, they helped to change the sickening Winter into the bountiful Spring.

Think of the world in the time of the Apostle Paul. What a graveyard! It was a time of the most abounding riot, of unlicensed and unrestricted passions. But one man, pre-emiently one man, but many comrades, went through that putrid Roman world just singing the word of Sovereign Grace. After twenty-five years in the ministry I have not ceased to wonder at the glorious optimism of the Apostle Paul; and if there be anyone to-day who is in any way touched by the deadly grip of pessimism, I would prescribe a course of the Apostle Paul. I do not know anyone in the Sacred Word, next to our Lord Himself, who has godly optimism in such abounding vitality as the Apostle Paul. I like to think of him marching through moral and social corruption literally exulting in the power of Sovereign Grace. In that man's midnight his richest songs were born. You remember one of them, at any rate, in the chapter that tells of the doings at Philippi. He had just been flogged, and a Roman flogging always fetched blood. Flogged and bleeding and broken, pushed into the innermost prison, feet fastened in the stocks, midnight! And then that glorious passage, so simply given, so full of spiritual significance: "And at midnight Paul and Silas sang and the prisoners heard them." That is always to be the characteristic of the Church of the Living God in its midnight. It is to sing, and its songs are to be heard by those in captivity.

A shipwreck, a boat running away to awful and sure perdition, pessimists on board! And Paul stood up and said: "I beseech you to be of good cheer, for I believe God." And in place of panic there came serenity, in place of fear there came quiet confidence, in which they took their meal.

Come down the centuries and stand in England in the latter part of the eighteenth century. You are standing in a graveyard. Our own England was just no better than a graveyard. Everything was touched with decay. Literature was blighted, poetry had lost her wing, morals were corrupt, pleasure was defiled. The grass withering and the flower fading; but, amid it all, there were men and women who had a vision of God, and who proclaimed their faith in God, and so kindled a similar faith in the countryside. There were John and Charles Wesley and Whitefield, at Oxford, soon to go forward throughout our land declaring the power of God's Grace, until in that graveyard the Evangelical Revival was born, and that most destructive Winter was turned into a most glorious Spring. I like to think that it was in that graveyard of that corrupted, brutalised England that Charles Wesley found his song.

One more illustration, from the experiences of the American Civil War. I will frankly confess that the re-

reading of that history now is a fine sustenance both for mind and soul. They were dark, fateful, fearful, harrowing days. American skies were very darkly overcast, and the hearts of men and women were held in constant fear. But in all the tempestuous moments of that Civil War there were men and women who gazed beyond the tokens of the graveyard to the changeless and abiding providence of the Word of God. And among that multitude of believers there was a man who was the appointed champion of human freedom.

Abraham Lincoln held fast to his God through the midnight, and brought his sacred cause to the dawn. And I find great sustenance and inspiration in those words which came from him three weeks before Gettysburg: "I do not doubt, I never have doubted, that our country will finally come through safe; but, do not misunderstand me, I do not know how it will be. I do not rely on the patriotism of our people, though no people have rallied better to a nation's cause; I do not trust in the devotion of the boys in blue, though God never gave to a prince or a conqueror such an army as He gave to me; I do not rely on the skill of our generals, though I believe we have the best generals in the world; but the God of our fathers, who raised up this country to be the refuge and asylum of the down-trodden of all nations, will not let it perish now. I may not live to see it, I do not suppose I shall, but God will bring us through."

I would that we should read and ponder and digest, and then appropriate the mighty secret of those most sacred words. It is the kind of witness upon which we must feed our souls to day. It is the men and women of faith who can grasp the profoundest realties of any time. Many things are going to be changed as a result of the War. A conventional religion, a conventional Church, a conventional Society, conventional poltics are going to be changed. There is going to be much dissolution and much crumbling, and much decay; but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

I believe that amid all the welter of dissolution the Church will be reborn and rebaptized into a holy and more sacrificial love. Religion will find her lost wings; it will become equipped with its ancient dynamics. So I come to you with this word from the ancient Book: Sursum corda —"Lift up your hearts." If we are in a graveyard the Lord is with us, too. It is with us as it was with little Pippi singing in Browning's immortal lay:—

The year's at the Spring, the day's at the dawn,
The lark's on the wing, the snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven.

I cannot but think that in a congregation like this there are many men and women who feel as if they were in a graveyard. There are widows, widowed by the War; orphans, orphaned by the War. There are men and women in the darkness of bereavement. Mary Magdalene was once in a graveyard, and she thought she was alone; and when she was feeling her desolation she heard a gentle voice: "Mary, Mary"! She thought there was only one in the graveyard, but the Lord was there, and He turned her midnight into joy. "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

What we want is the clear eye to see the goodness there is among men, and the wise, skilled hand to draw it forth; for deep down in the recesses of the spirit is the angel of the Lord, cramped and chained indeed, but only needing the charmed word to invest it with authority and power.—

LOOKING BACKWARD. VIII.

Glimpses of Pacific Coast Congregationalism in 1895.

The First Church of Portland Leaves its Old Home...

On the 6th of January, 1895, the First Congregational Church of Portland worshipped for the last time in the building which it occupied since the 6th of August, 1871. Mr. Himes wrote: "In looking over the membership list it has been found that from the organization of the church, June 15, 1851, to August 6, 1871, twenty years, there had been 212 members. Of this number all but 112 had been dismissed in different ways—a number to form the First Presbyterian Church. Of this 112, thirty-three now appear on the rolls; and the total membership now is 625."

From an historical sketch given by Mr. Himes in The Pacific for January the 30th we learn that as early as 1848 occasional Congregational services were held in a log cabin by Rev. Harvey Clark of Forest Grove, and Rev. John Griffin of Hillsboro. In March 1849 the Rev. Dr. Atkinson who was in charge of the church organized at Oregon City in 1844 went to Portland and held a service in a log shingle shop, using shingle blocks for seats. Two months later he held another service—this time in a store room, among boxes and bales. In July 1849 arrangements were made by Dr. Atkinson, Revs. Harvey Clark and Cushing Eells whereby services were held regularly on alternate Sundays. Dr. Atkinson led in securing two lots on Second and Jefferson streets, induced the Rev. Horace Lyman to come out from Massachusetts to inaugurate the regular work, and in 1851 a church building was constructed at a cost of $6,408. Mr. Lyman resigned in 1854 and entered on educational work, going to Pacific University in 1857 where he remained until 1879. P. B. Chamberlain followed Mr. Lyman; and in 1863 Dr. Atkinson took charge, continuing until Dec. 31, 1872. The Rev. J. D. Eaton, later doing a memorable work in Mexico, was pastor next for three years; J. A. Cruzan for four; F. R. Marvin for three. Dr. T. E. Clapp began in April 1886; and Dr. George R. Wallace in March 1894.

The fine new building on Park and Madison, to which the church went in January 1895, was commenced in June 1890. Only the foundation was laid that year. In June 1891 work began on the superstructure, and the edifice was well along toward completion in November 1892. Owing to financial stringency, the enterprise rested then until July 1894, when the demand for a larger auditorium was so great that it was pushed to completion at a total cost of $110,000.

At the opening services Dr. Wallace said: "In the architecture of this church we have transplanted to the Pacific Coast from the Atlantic the memories and associations of the most historic church in this country. * * * This church will stand before generations as the representative of the Association's bond with the Old South Congregational Church of Boston. This is a copy of the new Old South meeting house which Wendell Phillips pleaded to save from destruction."

There were few dry eyes in the congregation that day when just before pronouncing the benediction Dr. Wallace in a most tender and heartfelt way said: "I am not the man who should stand here today. The one who should have stood here and preached the sermon to you is away on the Atlantic Coast. You all know how dear to the heart of Dr. Clapp was the building of this church. He thought of it, dreamed about it, prayed for it, and worked for it.

The work was well under way when the hard times came and his plans were thrust aside. Then God called him to another field of labor, and others reap the harvest from his sowing. If we had had the power we should have brought him from that coast to this, would have had him with us today to preach the first sermon in the new house, but this was not to be."

Dr. Hoyt Installed at Sacramento.

The last week in January the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Hoyt was installed at Sacramento. An editorial note in The Pacific was in part: "We were not present at the council * * * and the scribe to whom we had looked for a fitting report of this important event has failed us. The First Church of our capital city is dear to The Pacific,—being a large part of its life. Dr. Benton, the first pastor, of blessed memory, was the editor of this paper as long as he lived; and the editors who succeed him never forget the church of his first love. * * * Thirty of our churches were invited to the council and all of them were represented. The statements of religious experience and doctrinal belief by Dr. Hoyt were all that could be desired. He has no crochets in his theology. He believes the Bible and practices its precepts; and with a full experience teaches it to his people. He comes from a highly cultured Christian people in a very choice locality, and from a larger salary, to bear heavier burdens and to endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ."

Dr. Temple Comes from Boston to Seattle.

In February the Rev. Dr. Wallace Nutting resigned the pastorate of Plymouth Chruch, Seattle, going to the Union Congregational Church of Providence, Rhode Island, and in May the Rev. Dr. W. H. G. Temple was called as his successor. Dr. Temple had been at that time the successor of Dr. F. E. Clark in Phillips Church, Boston. The statement in The Pacific was that he would, before accepting the call, come to Seattle, looking well to the wisdom of changing from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He came and the nine years that followed marked one of the most successful of pastorates in our widely influential Pacific Coast churches.

Writing concerning Dr. Temple's installation in November the Rev. Dr. Samuel Greene said:

"In the statement of Brother Temple we learnd of his early Christian experience. * * * his college life, his entering into business life at Farmouth, Nova Scotia; how he always found time at the close of business hours and on Sundays for caring for the needs of a mission Sunday-school which he had gathered from the waifs on the streets; of his first attempts to put his desire to preach the gospel into practice; the refusal of his first offer by the Congregational church of the city of his residence; of his later success during two years of training in the Methodist Church as a local preacher until the point was reached when he was compelled to say, 'I must give up all that I may preach Christ.' Then he disposed of his business interests, removed to Massachusetts, took a pastorate in the Berkshire Hills, where he spent his first three years in the Congregational ministry, followed by seven years with Phillips Church, Boston, as the successor of such men as E. K. Alden and Francis E. Clark.

"In his theology we found Dr. Temple a thoroughly conservative man, yet basing his chief thought on John 3:16 as the foundation of the whole scheme of Christian faith and teaching. He believes in creeds as an expression of faith, but in every case they must express not the thought of man but the mind of God as given in his Word. He refused to be bound by any man-made creed, nor would he insist on another taking the creed he would prepare for himself. At the same time he was greatly pleased with the articles in the manual of Plymouth Church, believing that they came as near to his own view as any printed creed he had ever seen."

A New Movement Against the Saloon.

In May the Rev. E. S. Williams wrote from Oakland: "Our Brother McDougall—the gentle, quiet, scholarly, clear, forceful pastor— has left his sweet parish home at San Mateo with a burden of the Lord upon his soul to persuade men and women of all creeds and parties to combine against the foe of the home and the destroyer of the nation —the saloon. Coming quietly to Oakland he has in a few days rallied twenty-five temperance societies in a council for the suppression of the saloon. His evident sincerity and unselfishness have disarmed prejudice. Staunch Republicans and bitter Prohibitionists have sat close together beside him. Red-hot W. C. T. U. advocates and conservative Lutherans believe in him and co-operate. And so it has come to pass that the most effective temperance demonstration ever seen in Oakland is yet the unforgotten theme in circles of Patriots. * * * Judge Haven voiced the rising chorus of Endeavorers well, and plead the claims of thousands who are coming, Father Abraham, until our government shall go out of the whisky business. William Rader was fearless and eloquent. Dr. Coyle had the opportunity of a life-time, and used it tremendously to the discomfiture of the sophistries rum-gifted attorneys had spun for the bewildered brains of the city council who had asked the people to let in light on their way. Every hurrah from the thousands on the public square convinced the representatives of the people that the people want sobriety and quiet on God's holy day in Oakland.

"The moving cause of this most hopeful uprising is the modest man from San Mateo, who tells us to keep our opinions at work on the wine-bottle as we will, and conspire as we choose for a prohibition president, but to act together to suppress the saloon which the great majority of American citizens believe is a blot on our civilization."

The following week the Bay Association adopted resolutions reading: "We have listened with deep interest to the statement of our brother, the Rev. W. H. McDougall, of a plan for the uniting of all friends of temperance in the effort to abolish the saloon as a place for the sale of liquors to be drunk on the premises.

"We see in this the opportunity of the present hour for practical and effective assault upon the chief stronghold of the liquor power. * * * We bid Godspeed to our brother in his contemplated journey eastward in the interest of this movement."

Mr. McDougall's efforts were not widely successful because the movement lacked financial backing. But ere long there was a great national organization which goes on today, striking deadly blows at the saloon. In The Pacific for October 22, 1896, we find this from the pen of William Rader: "In adopting the resolutions endorsing the Anti-Saloon League, the State Association allied itself with a temperance movement destined to make a deep impression in temperance reform in the immediate future. This League was organized in Washington, D. C., in December 1895 by a national convention called for that purpose. Its aim is to consolidate temperance sentiment throughout the country and bring into harmonious activity all temperance societies. * * * Thus far the League has had

marked success in combining temperance organizations representing all shades of opinion. Christian Endeavor Societies, Epworth Leagues, Woman's Christian Temperance Unions, Conferences, Synods, and many other organizations are co-operating in a united effort to accomplish something definite and positive in temperance reform.

"One of the directors of the movement is the Rev. W. H. McDougall of Claremont, California, who anticipated the League in his organization of the council for the suppression of the saloon, and which aimed to harmonize all temperance forces upon any given proposition decided upon by the societies represented in the council. This was given a notable trial in Oakland, where the effort to close the saloon on Sunday was defeated by one vote in the city council.

"Mr. McDougall's plan is still commended as an excellent method for local communities.

"The Anti-Saloon League is organized on a national scale and promises to become the most effective organization against the liquor oligarchy we have ever had in the United States."

Something New Under the Sun — A Prohibition Congregational Church.

The picture of the house of worship of a "Prohibition Congregational Church" appeared in The Pacific for May 22, 1895. It was at Santa Monica, and the Rev. George H. De Kay, who hasn't any lessened interest in prohibition today, was the pastor. According to an article by Mr. DeKay in The Pacific at that time, the prohibition feature had come to be in this way: In an early month in 1890 a Congregational church was organized at Santa Monica. It struggled along without a home until 1894, when Mr. DeKay took charge.

"The Sunday-school had fallen off until it numbered about 20. Congregations were small; the prayer-meeting a name only. But God gave us courage and strengthened our faith. We prayed that if need be, we might give up with grace, but that if God had work for us in Santa Monica he would open up the way for us to do it. The opening came soon. The church had always been a strong temperance church. All its ministers had been men who took active part in temperance work. We had, and still have here, a man who for many years had spent time, labor, and money in temperance reform—a man whose faith in the final overthrow of the saloon is supreme and who believes that the Church of Christ should lead against it—Mr. James Campbell. He brought us a test of faith and courage. He offered that if we would put into practice the declarations of our own associations and councils concerning the licensed liquor traffic, he would give us three fine lots on a desirable corner, with a small cottage included. It was property that had been dedicated to temperance reform by himself and his deceased wife. We were to build a church to cost not less than $1500, within two years. Failing to carry out conditions the property should revert to the W. C. T. U. of Southern California. The temperance clause in the conditions read as follows:

" 'This church shall never employ as its pastor, nor allow to occupy its pulpit, or to administer its ordinances, nor allow to become or remain a member of it, anyone who uses intoxicating liquor as a beverage or who casts his or her vote for any political party that does not have in its platform both state and national a clause denouncing the liquor traffic and pledging itself to the overthrow of the same, or who in any way derives any income or support from the manufacture, sale or use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage.'

"A meeting of the church was called, the proposition explained and carefully and prayerfully considered. The result was a unanimous acceptance and the early incorporation as 'The Prohibition Congregational Church of Santa Monica.' Since then we have gone forward steadily.

"One need not be (as I heard a lady remark) a member of the Prohibition party before he can join the church. We are a Church of Christ. Our first great object is to preach Christ and to win souls for him. * * * We believe that what is morally wrong cannot be legally right, and we say to applicants for membership, 'You must be free from complicity with this traffic which is so accursed.'

"I am asked about our associational relations. * * * We expect to retain Associational relationship unless the Association itself debars us. * * * We do not exclude any from our communion service—a man must answer to God if he eat unworthily; but we will not as a church sanction his support of the saloon."

A Wild Westerner Goes to National Council at Syracuse.

The National Council met at Syracuse, New York, in October. One paragraph of the report in The Pacific read: "The next section to be heard from was Utah, with Rev. Dana W. Bartlett as its representative. This young man, who has assisted greatly in building up Christianity in that State said that he was glad to come before the council and tell of the progress and increasing strength that had come in the section he represented. He told of his intimate acquaintance with a family consisting of one husband, seven wives, and forty-nine children. All of these children, he said, are ardent adherents to the Christian faith and earnest workers in the Christian church.

The Rev. Edward A. Paddock represented Idaho at the Council. Concerning him the Syracuse News was reported as saying: "Mr. Paddock is a westerner as typical as can be found, long, lean and lank, but bubbling over with enthusiasm in his work. He was dressed in a short sack coat of genuine western texture and cut. Upon his forehead always hangs a stray lock of hair that bobs about in a most interesting sort of way when he talks. He stepped upon the platform bearing a large blackboard and before he had fairly set it down he had completely captured the attention of every person present with, 'I just brought this along to let you know where we are at.' Upon the blackboard there had been drawn a crude map of Idaho and the territory surrounding. Then the westerner began his brief remarks. He couldn't talk fast enough to please himself, and he couldn't make enough of his deliciously awkward motions. The gathering burst into an avalanche of applause as the man continued. 'Why,' he said, 'our land out there is just flowing with milk and honey. These wise men from the East are always talking and boasting about ancestry. Why, brethren, talk about ancestry? We've got hundreds of ranchmen out there who trace their ancestry way back from the Garden of Eden. You sent one of your sickly preachers out there awhile ago to spread the gospel. Brethren, don't do that anymore. It isn't practical. That fellow got on to a western horse and the gospel was spread all over a thousand-acre ranch. We're doing a grand work there all the same, and we've got people that mean business right at our backs. But, bless you, brethren, we've got to have an academy at Weiser, and if we get a little help will have it right along.' When Mr. Paddock stepped

from the platform he was greeted with a most rousing ovation.

Notes.

It was in the year 1895 that the Rev. H. H. Wikoff resigned as pastor of the Green Street Church, San Francisco, and became Pacific Coast Secretary of the Church Building Society—a position which he has now filled ably for twenty-one years.

In October the Rev. William Rader entered on his pastorate with the Third Church, San Francisco. The comment was: "He has labored faithfully and successfully for three years as associate pastor with Dr. McLean in Oakland, and our Third Church has every reason to feel encouraged to expect large results."

In 1895 the Rev. Dr. McLean went from his long and widely influential pastorate in the First Church of Oakland in order to give himself wholly to the work of the presidency of Pacific Theological Seminary. In resolution adopted by the church it was said: "When considering our love for Dr. McLean as our pastor, our appreciation of the close and helpful relations, both as spritual guide and earthly friend, which for so many years he has sustained to us, our admiration of him as a man, and our esteem for him as a citizen, we find ourselves wholly unable to express the feelings of our hearts, or our gratitude to God that we have long been blessed with his leadership. In his new vocation we trust that in accord with his expectations a still wider door of usefulness may be opened to Dr. McLean, and that under his administration the institution of which he is the head may develop into a power for righteousness upon this coast which shall realize his most sanguine hopes and amply compensate him and us for the great sacrifice which as a church we are called upon to make in its behalf."

On the 16th of October we are told in the Puget Sound Letter that Seattle was glad o be able to make a loan to the First Church of Oakland in the person of Rev. S. M. Freeland as pulpit supply for a few months.

On the first of October 1895 the First Church of San Francisco lost a member who had been deeply devoted to all its interests for more than forty years—Deacon Ira P. Rankin. He came from Massachusetts to San Francisco in 1852. In resolutions of appreciation the church stated: "In every prominent movement among us he has been among those who have led. His philanthropic spirit and manifest capacity for affairs have identified him with various organizations for the reformation of society and for protection of the weak. * * * As the most frequent representative of this church in associational meetings and councils his voice was familiar and his wisdom appreciated in the wider sisterhood of churches. His piety while characterized by the intellectual rather than the emotional features, was devout and constant. Regular in his attendance upon all church services, morning and evening, he found in God's house and its precious associations his unfailing joy. His presence in the mid-week meeting was an object of fidelity, and his words, always carefully chosen, were marked by profound reverence and bore testimony to his faith in God and his Christian assurance." In a brief review of his life Dr. Willey said: "Nobly indeed has he fulfilled the duties of a Christian citizen in this new state." For fourteen years Deacon Rankin was a trustee of the College of California out of which came the University of California. From 1852 he was one of the men who never faltered in the maintenance of The Pacific as one of the essential instruments of righteousness on the Pacific Coast.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. E. Chakurian of Kenwood is reported as being seriously ill.

In October Pacific Theological Seminary will celebrate its 50th anniversary.

The Rev. Miles B. Fisher has opened a Teacher Training Class in Plymouth Church, Oakland.

Twentynine persons were received to membership by the First Church, Los Angeles on the 6th of August, eleven coming on confession.

The First Church of San Francisco has announced a business meeting for Wednesday evening of next week for the consideration of a call to the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Bradley of Worcester, Massachusetts.

Mr. Minkler, a member of the senior class in Pacific Theological Seminary, has been called to the pastorate of the Sunset Congregational Church, San Francisco. He is to take the work in connection with the senior year studies in the Seminary.

It being impossible, because of the war, for the Rev. Fred Goodsell to return to his missionary work in Turkey, he has arranged to go as a Y. M. C. A. representative to Russia to work there among the Turkish prisoners of war. He will go early in September.

There will be no meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next Monday. The meeting was omitted so that all who desired could attend the opening of Pacific Theological Seminary for the year 1916-'17 which is on that Monday. At 11 a. m. the Rev. Miles B. Fisher will give an address on "Dangers in Religious Education."

The Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell had very attentive listeners at the Monday meeting of the ministers in San Francisco when he read a paper on "Development in Prayer-Thought and Life." It was part of a chapter in his new book on "Prayer in its Present Day Aspects," which will be published next month by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

"The Situation in Turkey" will be the subject of an address by the Rev. M. G. Papazian of Fresno in Plymouth Church, Oakland, next Sunday evening. Mr. Papazian is pastor of the Armenian Congregational Church at Fresno. Mr. Palmer heard this address at the recent conference in Yosemite and was so impressed by it that he asked Mr. Papazian to give it in Oakland.

The work at Prescott, Arizona, goes on excellently under the leadership of the Rev. Harold V. Hartshorn. Recently $2600 was pledged toward a $3500 fund for improvements on the church building, and $750 for a new organ. Since Mr. Hartshorn went to Prescott, about five and a half months ago, twelve persons have been received to membership. The church began recently to issue an attractive weekly bulletin. At the Wednesday evening services there is a series of studies in Prayer, based on Dr. James M. Campbell's book.

In an address at the Chautaqua Assembly at Long

Beach, Bishop Bell of the United Brethren Church remarked: "Christianity needs to come to a new militancy; to a new battle line; needs to be interpreted in modern righteousness. The church is secular because it has lost the note of aggressive action in social adjustment. This age is becoming keenly conscious of social injustice; more so than any age that has existed since our Lord. What are we going to do to make our civilization more lamb-like and less lion-like? Cyclones, plagues, diseases, and every sort of physical scourge are small compared to every kind of scourge men are putting upon their fellowmen. It is a matter of concern and congratulation that civilization is becoming sensitive to this sense of maladjustment. Excrescences must be eliminated."

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco on Wednesday, September the 6th. There will be morning, afternoon and evening sessions, with an unusually fine program throughout. Missionaries from the field and others soon to go will be present and participate. Miss Denton of the Doshisha in Japan will be there; as will also Miss Rice of Sivas, Turkey, and Mrs. F. P. Beach of China. There will be a service in recognition of the Board's latest recruit—Miss Bertha Allen of Pasadena. The Rev. Albert W. Palmer will speak on "Missions and Internationalism". There will be a six o'clock dinner at the church for men and women. All in all the plans are such as promise to make this the most interesting and inspiring meeting of the kind in many years.

A HAPPY EVENT.

A happy event was the wedding of Miss Hester Cooke and Mr. Wm. Bembower, which occurred Saturday, August 12th, in Oakland, at the home of the bride.

Dr. McAfee of the First Presbyterian Church, Berkeley, and Rev. F. H. Maar, performed the ceremony. The bride's sister Alma and brother Robert were bridesmaid and best man.

The bride is the daughter of Rev. Wm. Cooke of sacred memory. Having breathed from her childhood the missionary atmosphere of a truly Christian home, and this supplemented by her earnest application in her university training, she is eminently fitted to be the wife of a missionary.

The groom, who has already spent three years in India acceptably to the Presbyterian Board, has endeared himself to us after a short acquaintance. Pending the arrival of their passports, they will sail for India Saturday, August 19th, where they will be connected with Ewing Christian College, Allahabaa, India. I am sure they will be followed with deep interest and the heartiest wishes for success in their new home and new labors, by their many friends. Calvary Church is proud to send forth such a member.

F. H. M.

PROMETHEUS INVICTUS.

"Our noisy years are moments. . ."
Zeus spoke, and Force and Rage leapt forth,
And manacled with iron bands
The glorious Child of heaven and earth.

Prometheus strove not in their hands;
His soul within its prisoning bars
Possess'd the All-seeing Sun and stars,
And Love, and Death, and Time that all things bore:
What had been, and what must ensue,
Were in his vision; and he knew
That Ford and Rage would pass away, and be no more.

Spirit of Man! Earth's child, Heaven's heir,
Tho' in the grasp of Rage and Force
Thou groanest, do not then despair;
Thy soul is stronger than their curse.
Behold, the ages are to thee
As tempests to the storied sea;
The waters cleave and thunder at their will;
Thou, like the great deep, dost endure
The tempest's turbulence secure;
In the eternal quiet Force and Rage are still.

—C. H. Herford.

The Home.

THE LOST ART OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

An old, old chest in a far older New England garret is likely to prove a treasure-house. Last September in that infrequent and chaotic upheaval known as cleaning the attic, I found one tucked away under the eaves, and jubilantly tugged until I had dislodged it, and brought it to the one small window for inspection. It was so dust-covered and wore such an air of stolid indifference that I could but feel that its position far under the eaves had spared it from former cleanings. At least I decided that I had never before seen it, and my curiosity prompted me to drop my work of tearing down cobwebs, and unearth its contents.

Dusting the cover hastily, I found that the chest had once been a dark green, and that on it were stamped in black the letters "M. K. C." Then I knew that it was a sailor's chest and had belonged to my great-grandfather, who had been in those good old days of the New England clipper-ships a foreign sea-captain.

I opened it with interest. Books mostly—yellow, musty things with an ancient smell! Log-books filled with descriptions of wind and weather and ports reached and left; a small, dog-eared book containing services for burial at sea; harbor charts by the dozen, giving depths of water and location of dangerous reefs; books of voyages, much read, and some early copies of Irving and Goldsmith. Then there were an old, broken compass, an uncompleted model of a ship in wood, perhaps begun years ago for my own father's Christmas, and some shells from southern waters, whose colors, freed from dust, still gleamed in the dull light. That was all except a packet of letters in the bottom. I drew them forth. Their age made them sacred, for the fingers that had penned them had long since become dust. Some were statements of goods bought and shipped, others bills of cargoes carried; but among these were two letters—letters without envelopes, but folded, sealed with wax, and addressed as was the old-time custom. Both were addressed to my great-grandfather on his ship in New York harbor, and I guessed before opening them that they were

from home, and bore news to him who was soon to sail so far away.

I was right. They were written by my own grandmother, and dated 1855. I reckoned hastily. "She was eighteen then," I told myself, as I sat down by the little window quite forgetful of the dust and dirt, and began to read the first letter.

At first it puzzled me, the writing was so very small, and some of the letters were so strangely shaped. Moreover, it was written down the page in black ink, now grown brown from age, and then the writer, to save paper which meant weight, and weight which meant added postage had written perpendicularly across the black letters with red ink, thus making one page carry the burden of two. This double writing gave a checker-board effect, which was not easy to decipher, but so perfectly formed were the letters and so legible the words, that in a few minutes I was reading with ease.

I am sure my great-grandfather himself, waiting for news from home before sailing, read with no greater interest than I this letter of his eighteen-year-old daughter. She told him of each member of his large family; of household doings,—the churning, the brewing, the baking, the spinning, the weaving; of her own daily "stent"; and of the help which she had rendered her mother "in the cutting and fitting of a Sabbath suit for Brother Jonathan."

Then came a description of the garden and oat-field, for the month was July; the health and welfare of the farm animals; the money earned from the sale of berries and butter in the village. The neighbors were not neglected, nor was Parson Fisher's "remarkable, and inspiring discourse" on Sunday. The text was carefully given, together with a resume of the sermon.

Nor were village festivities forgotten. The writer told of a "merry holiday in Burnham's grove," which all the youths and maidens attended, and of the evening singing-school, "which is pronounced by all a most fitting and successful occasion."

"I attend," so wrote my eighteen-year-old grandmother, "with Nathan Osgood, who has a fine tenor, blending well with my own voice. Ever he appears to me a most worthy and likely young man." I smiled at this, for Nathan Osgood was my grandfather.

"And now, my dear father," so the letter was concluded, "we all do wish you God-speed, and shall pray daily for a propitious voyage, blessed by God, and for a safe return. You are ever dear to us all, and we do assure you that all shall be kept well against your speedy home-coming.

"Your devoted and respectful daughter,

"ELIZA ANN."

The other letter was similar in character, and written upon one sheet in the same red and black. Further cleaning offered no charms, and with the letters in my pocket I descended two flights of stairs to show them to my sister and her husband, whom I had seen a few minutes before comnig up the driveway for luncheon.

I found them both on the porch. They had just finished a letter from their own eighteen-year-old Anne, who had discarded the "Eliza" upon her entrance into a college that very fall. They read the letter, with the help of my promptings—read it with tears in their eyes, for it was not many years ago that the dear little old grandmother had rocked on the porch in the sunshine.

"And now," said the father of the Anne in college, after blowing his nose vigorously, "we'll compare the two—the one of eighty years ago and the one of the twentieth century." So he drew Anne's letter from his pocket and began to read. It did not take long, though its sprawling characters covered two sheets of monogramed note paper.

"Dear Dad,—I hate to ask for any more money, but I've got to, because it's my turn to treat Saturday. I think ten dollars more will do, and I'll be just tremendously careful of it.

"I've been invited to join a fraternity. The very nicest girls in college, belong, and it's really an honor. I'll tell you more about them in my next.

"Jack Hill has invited me to the Amherst prom. Wasn't it dear of him? I really need a new dress for it.

"College grows lovelier every day. I'm just wild about everything. My lessons aren't hard, and I have loads of time to get acquainted with lots of people, which is very broadening, don't you think?

"Please tell mother to send my tennis shoes. I clean forgot them. No more now, with just oodles of love from

ANNE."

We were silent. There didn't seem to be anything to say. Then Anne's mother laughed. It was really the best thing to do.

"Don't look so serious, Daddy dear," she said. "We're living in a different age, and Anne's a product of it. I guess it can't be helped."

"No, said Anne's father, "I guess it can't. But it's a selfish age all right. I'm not asking for black and red ink on one sheet of paper. I'll supply Anne with all the paper she needs and Uncle Sam looks after the postage better these days; but I do wish she could somehow get a little of her great-grandmother's spirit of unselfishness, and thoughtfulness of others—and, well, perhaps, a little less interest in herself, and a little greater in those at home. Let's send the letter to Anne."

So we sent the letter, and curiously awaited the answer. It came, and in the same sprawling characters on the same note paper Anne said that it was "perfectly darling" of us to do it. "I'll always treasure it," she wrote, "and love it to pieces. Wasn't great-grandmother a perfect dear?"

You see she is a twentieth century Anne!—Mary Ellen Chase in The Christian Register.

BOY PHILOSOPHY.

An incident occurred in a city school-room where boys and girls, from ten to thirteen years old, were practicing gymnastics.

"Which will jump better, the boys or the girls?" I asked. The experiment proved skill on both sides.

"Which ought to jump better, the boys or the girls?" I questioned.

"The boys," was the prompt response.

"And why?" I continued.

"Because boys are always jumping. All their games are jumping games. Girls just sit in the house and read a book."

"Then tell me something that girls can do better than boys."

"They can cook," was the next ready reply. "They can sew," came next.

A third boy with freckled face and merry eyes added, demurely, "Two girls can stay mad at each other longer than two boys can."

The situation was interesting. The girls assented to the statement and the boys, upon further questioning, explained in boy fashion.

"Well, you see how 'tis. Boys like to go with a lot, and a girl likes to go with one. When one girl gets mad with another girl, she goes off with her girl friend and talks it over and they keep talking it over and that makes it worse still, and then they don't speak to the girl that they're mad at, and the girls take sides and talk it over and keep it up; and sometimes they stay mad for weeks!"

Being in pursuit of the boys' theory, I made no comment on choice of terms. The word "mad" was evidently understood by all parties.

"How is it that the boys make up so quickly?" I pursued.

"Well, you see, we said that boys like to play with a lot; and perhaps the two boys that are mad with each other are on the same side in a baseball game, and the captain says to 'em, 'You two fellows make up or you get out!' Then they make up. Or, maybe," the speaker continued earnestly, "the fellow you're mad at is on the base, and when you're running to the base you call to him to get out of the way; and then you have spoken and made up. Even if you have been fighting you have to shake hands when the fight is over."

"Is that the rule of the game?" I asked, gravely.

"Yes," the boys assented. "Always."

"And do you learn, at the same time, not to show when you are vexed?"

"Well, boys learn pretty soon. They have to. Suppose you are walking down the street with some boys and one of them says to you, 'Is that your grandfather's collar you're wearing?' Another one says, 'How many years have you worn that hat?' and another says, 'Where are you going to put that next batch of freckles? There isn't any room for them now.' If you just laugh they will stop, but if you show that you're mad they keep on, and so you learn to laugh and not show when you are teased."

The replies were suggestive, to say the least. I warmly recommended the girls to adopt the policy of the boys, thinking of the various committees and clubs in which the power to work with a "lot" was demanded of women. How good it would be if the girl's training developed in her the power which the boy acquires! "You make up or you get out," says the boy captain, briefly. He recognizes that the success of the game depends upon co-operation and good fellowship. But so it is in other games in which the players have not learned this vital lesson. Is not our failure sometimes traceable to this very lack? The question is worth discussing.

The boys had given me food for meditation. I was grateful to them. One question more I asked, with my thought upon the school curriculum. The question was addressed to the boys and girls.

"If you had to select some one to live with, which would you choose, a person who was able to laugh when he was teased and to keep from showing when he was vexed, or the one who never fails in arithmetic?"

The answer was unanimous, no contrary minds. "O, the one who laughs when he is teased and doesn't show that he is mad."

Will it come to pass by and by that the development of this virtue shall find a place in the school curriculum, that the virtue which is always and everywhere virtue, in home and in civic life, shall be enough commended and developed in the schools?—Sarah Louise Arnold.

For The Children.

HOW THE WEST WIND WON THE PRIZE.

What would you think if I should tell you that the West Wind won a prize that was offered in school? That does seem queer, doesn't it, but let me tell you the story.

One day when Bobby was in the sixth grade, Mrs. Smith came into school and told the pupils that the Village Improvement Society would give a prize for the best improvement shown in back yards during the spring and summer. She also told them that one of the most interesting things to do with a back yard was to have a beautiful flower garden. In that way they could make any back yard look a hundred per cent, better.

Bobby sighed when he went home that noon because his back yard was a very ordinary one and there was no grass growing in it, but there were lots of stones. The fence which surrounded it was a high wooden one, and sometimes it semed as if old bottles and tin cans and shoes grew there in the yard overnight. So Bobby did not think that in his back yard it was possible, to grow flowers at all.

I am not certain whether it was the West Wind or the East Wind which was listening when Bobby came home and told his mamma about the prize that Mrs. Smith said the Improvement Society was going to give somebody; but I do know that it was the West Wind which picked up a little seed from a garden across the way and carried it into Bobby's back yard.

This little seed found itself in a nice shady corner between a tomato can and an old shoe. Soon after it alighted there, a nice warm rain came along and washed some dirt over it so that it wasn't long before it unfolded two little leaves and sent them above the ground. The next day Bobby wished to use a piece of leather for a hinge to the cover of his tool chest. He couldn't find just what he wished until he happened to think that out there in the back yard was an old shoe from which he might cut a piece of leather just about the right size. So he went out and picked it up, and as he did so he noticed two little leaves sticking their heads above the ground.

"Huh!" he exclaimed, "I should like to know what kind of a weed that is," and he went into the house and told his mother about it.

"Well," replied mamma, "even if it is only a weed, let us clear away a little spot and loosen the earth so that it may have a chance to grow. Perhaps it may amount to something after all, and, anyway, it will be a lot of fun watching it day by day."

And so while Bobby was taking away the rubbish that surrounded the little plant, mamma took an ordinary kitchen fork and loosened the earth around this plant. When she and Bobby had finished their work they looked around, and it seemed as if the other cans and shoes and bottles and stones had grown to be ten times the size they were before.

"My goodness!" exclaimed mamma, "let's get busy and clear up the rest of the yard or this little plant will be so ashamed of its surroundings that it will hang its head and not grow at all."

Bobby laughed, but he got out the rake, and that afternoon he had gathered together three wheelbarrow loads of rubbish which he took to the dump.

The next day was Saturday, and after mamma had done her baking she came out and said to Bobby, who was finishing up the work he had begun on Friday, "Do you know, Bobby, that I think we might try a little flower garden and see how it would work. I am sure this little plant must be lonesome, and it would appreciate some nice company."

So Bobby took the shovel and he spaded up a big bed. It was brave work for a little boy like Bobby to do, and he stuck to it pluckily, so that when dinner was ready he had a bed about ten feet long all ready for mamma to plant seeds in.

After dinner mamma sent Bobby to the store for some seeds and he came back very much delighted indeed.

"O mamma," he exclaimed, "I met Mr. Jones on the way down town, and he said he had about a peck of cannas which were not doing anything and if I would spade up some more so as to give them plenty of room, he would give the bulbs to me."

"Well, isn't that nice," replied mamma. "Do you know, I think that Aunt Mary has a lot of things that she will send to me by parcel post. I'll write to her this very afternoon, because I am sure that she will be more than glad to let us have them."

I wish that you could have seen that garden after the things which Aunt Mary sent had started to grow! Bobby didn't have much spare time for two or three weeks, because Aunt Mary had sent so much, and when he and mamma had finished planting them the yard was well filled except for the space that they left for the clothes-reel, and some paths between the flower beds.

Bobby was so well pleased that he told his teacher about this, and the joke was that he had forgotten all about the prize that the Village Improvement Society had offered. His teacher thought, of couse, that he wished to enter the contest, and so she put his name down on the paper so that the visiting committee might go and see his garden during the summer.

Just before the Fourth of July, after school had closed, Bobby went up into the country to visit Aunt Mary, as he did every summer. At first he was worried for fear mamma might have to work too hard in taking care of the garden, but at length he arranged with two of his chums who lived near by that they might have all the flowers they wanted and a third of the bulbs in the fall if they would keep that garden watered and weeded while Bobby was away on his vacation.

Three times during the summer the flower-garden committee of the Improvement Society visited Bobby's back yard, and I tell you they were pleased with what they saw. So in September, when Bobby went back to school, he was very much surprised one day to have Mrs. Smith come into the room and announce to his teacher and classmates that he had won the prize offered by the Village Improvement Society of the village.

"What prize?" exclaimed Bobby, who had forgotten all about Mrs. Smith's visit to his grade early in the spring, and he looked so surprised that everybody began to laugh. Then the teacher asked him to come to the front of the room, and she explained what it was.

Perhaps it wasn't a happy boy that went home that night and told his mother what had happened. He didn't leave out anything at all, not even the fact that he had forgotten.

"Well," he exclaimed, as he finished telling mamma about it, "I really don't think I deserve the prize, because it was Aunt Mary's bulbs and Mr. Jone's cannas that made our garden so nice."

"Ah," replied mamma, "but you mustn't forget the little plant that first popped up behind that old shoe."

"How do you suppose it got there?" asked Bobby.

"I think the West Wind must have blown a seed there and it took root, so perhaps, after all, the West Wind deserved the prize."

Bobby agreed with mamma, but as they couldn't very well give a five-dollar gold piece to the West Wind, Bobby kept it and told mamma that next year he could use it toward making their back-yard garden even more beautiful than it was this year.—Walter K. Putney, in Mother's Magazine.

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A PRAYER.

(For a Little Girl.)

"God love this growing life of mine,
God guide my days and lead
Me straight to gentle womanhood
In act, and thought, and deed.
O give me winning manners, and
A kind and happy face;
Then keep my body well and strong
And give it charm and grace."
Amen.

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